

Sunday Mornings by TheAddict4Dramatics

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Summary:

'By some small miracle they had wound up with all three kids out at the same time on a day when neither of them had to work. Perhaps there was a god. And so they were enjoying their chosen Sunday morning activity without fear of interruption or accidental eavesdropping.' Post 2x09 Joyce/Hopper fluffy ridiculousness.

Sunday Mornings

Author's Note:

This is... not quite sure what this is but hopefully enjoyable, at least in some way... Happy reading.

"Uhhhh... hmm... ah!" Joyce moaned – loud and uninhibited as Hopper paused to smirk at her. She made a small whimper of annoyance at his abrupt pause.

"Enjoying the empty house Horowitz?" He teased lightly.

By some small miracle they had wound up with all three kids out at the same time on a day when neither of them had to work. Perhaps there was a god. And so they were enjoying their chosen Sunday morning activity without fear of interruption or accidental eavesdropping.

"Not Horowitz anymore." She told him through heavy-lidded eyes. He smiled knowingly at her.

Her entire body was gloriously languid against her mattress as she looked at him, his playful grin just visible from between her legs. The sight sent another jolt of electricity straight to her core and she shifted lazily to try and get closer to him. But he wasn't done playing just yet.

"You sound like a porn star." More teasing. More frustratingly long and unnecessary pauses.

"Don't pretend that you don't like that." She scoffed at him. He laughed aloud, she wasn't wrong.

He lowered his head back down and continued to work her expertly with his mouth and fingers until she was tumbling closer and closer to her release.

"Hop..." She drew out his name until it became nothing but a sigh. "Hop, I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." She felt him smile against her. She always told him when she was about to finish and he always ripped

her endlessly for it – 'that is the general idea Joy' or 'Thanks for the heads up, I would've never have guessed' or some such, and she knew today would be no different. She couldn't help it; he always seemed to be able to work her up to the state of no return, where she couldn't think straight or even breathe. The smug bastard knew it too.

She was seconds away from her much anticipated relief when a sharp banging on the front door made them both freeze. Who the hell was knocking on her door at ten o'clock in the morning on a Sunday?

"Ignore it, they'll go away." Joyce told him, she was still breathless and she sounded almost pleading.

"Could be one of the kids."

"They have a key. It's not." She replied, still with a one-track mind as she wiggled her lower half closer to his face. He placed a strong hand on her hip to still her. She knew what that look on his face meant – he wasn't going to drop it and he certainly wasn't going to continue until he knew exactly what was going on. Sometimes he was too much of a cop for his own good and definitely for hers. "Fine." She huffed, kicking him in the shoulder in clear irritation. "You go then."

"Are you kidding me? It's early on Sunday morning and you want me to answer your door half-dressed? Besides I'm not exactly decent right now." He told her, gesturing to his straining underwear, the only thing he was currently wearing. He may have been focusing on her but he had undoubtedly been enjoying the show and certain parts of his body were displaying very clear evidence of that.

Another round of loud and heavy banging cut-off her reply.

Joyce huffed again, her face nothing short of murderous as she shoved him out of the way with her knees and grabbed his shirt from the floor. She stood and fastened the buttons as fast as she could. He hadn't wanted to open her door as to not make them the talk of the town but her answering the door in nothing but his chief of Hawkins police shirt was certainly going to do that. He didn't dare say that to her though, she was looking like she could kill something and he wasn't much liking the luck of whoever was at the door. Besides which, he was rather enjoying the view of her in his shirt – it was

stupidly big on her and sexy as hell. He might get her to keep on once she'd got rid of their intruder.

"I can see you leering." She informed him coolly as she finished the last button.

"Good. That thing is indecent on you, it deserves to be leered at." His tone was pure filth and she retaliated by lifting the hem of the shirt and flashing her bottom to him as she left the room.

She wasn't exactly sure who she was expecting to be at her door first thing on a Sunday morning but her ex-husband that she had not seen or heard anything from in over a year was certainly not it. Lonnie stood, propped up against the doorframe, an empty beer bottle hanging loosely from between his fingers. He strolled past her and into the living room before she had time to stop him.

Joyce closed the door and turned sharply towards him. He was clearly already off of his face – some things truly never do change.

"You do realise that you don't live here anymore right?" She asked him angrily. He looked as if he may very well of gone on a bender last night and forgotten that he no longer lived with Joyce and the boys.

"Joyce..." He slurred and gestured his empty bottle in her general direction. "I need you to help me out." She rolled her eyes at him as her arms crossed over her chest. Of course it was about money. "Just to see me through till the end of the week and then I'll pay you right back, I promise."

Joyce shook her head at the nerve of the man in front of her. He hadn't paid a cent of child support since he had walked out on them but here he was asking for money from her. She saw Lonnie straighten up as he took in her response. She knew at once he wouldn't like it and sure enough his next words were devoid of any of the false friendliness he had just been portraying:

"Hey, I'm the father of your kids, you should show me some damn respect!" He demanded to which she only laughed sarcastically.

"Are you kidding me Lonnie? When was the last time you saw either of your sons? Or even spoke to them?"

"Yeah, well that's because you won't let me be involved."

Joyce laughed again, sounding almost manic as her exasperation reached a whole new level. She truly had married a scumbag and took much too long to figure that out.

"What is that – the mantra of every deadbeat dad ever?"

Lonnie appeared to take extra exception to this. He threw his bottle on the floor and advanced towards her, the aggression rolling off of him. Before he even reached her however his path was blocked by a very large, very nearly-naked and very pissed off chief of police. Hopper shoved Lonnie away easily and kept himself in-between him and Joyce.

"Back the hell off." Hopper growled.

Lonnie took several moments to process exactly what had happened. He took a long hard look at Hopper, standing there in nothing but his underwear and turned to look at Joyce, noticing for the first time that she was dressed in nothing but a police shirt. He added two and two together in painfully slow time and a large, mocking smile spread across his face as he did so.

"Jim fucking Hopper." He declared as he began laughing to himself. His fuzzed, drunken brain was having a hard time handling what he was seeing but he knew it was ridiculous.

"Lonnie fucking Byers." Hopper replied in exactly the same tone.

"You've got to be shitting me right? Exactly how long have you been screwing my wife?"

"Your wife?" Hopper asked, this time laughing himself. That pissed Lonnie off. "It's funny I seem to recall Joyce throwing your drunk ass out and then divorcing you."

"It's none of your damn business." Lonnie snarled at him as he bared his teeth.

"It kind of is a bit now though..." Hopper replied. He was looking smugger and smugger by the minute and was probably enjoying this way too much but he wasn't going to stop now. He wanted to murder that bastard for all he had put Joyce and the boys through. But he would settle for making an ass out of him instead. "... I mean just ask your 'wife'." Hopper smirked using exaggerated air quotations for good measure.

"You son of a bitch!"

Lonnie launched himself at Hopper but Hopper held him back easily. He was twice Lonnie's size and a lot stronger than him and that was when Lonnie wasn't wasted as hell at ten am. Lonnie didn't stand a chance but the intent was still very much there even as Hopper walked him back against the wall and trapped him underneath his forearm.

"You sure you wanna do that? Attacking an officer is an arrest-able offence and there is nothing I would rather do than throw your trash ass in jail, especially after you ruined such a lovely morning we were all having here."

Hopper jeered him relentlessly as he struggled and failed to get free. At last Hopper relented and loosened his arm just enough for Lonnie to throw him off and straighten his jacket. His face was flushed red with anger and humiliation and drink and Hopper couldn't have been happier.

"This isn't over." Lonnie warned, though they both knew that was an empty threat. He then turned to Joyce, who had been standing silently behind Hopper the whole time. He threw an accusatory finger in her direction. "I want to see my boys. You tell them, I want to see them." And with that he was gone.

Hopper heard Joyce let out a shaky sigh as soon as the door had been slammed. He turned to see her pacing slightly on the spot and chewing nervously at her nail. In was a stark contrast to how relaxed she had been in bed with him only a few minutes ago.

"You okay?" She nodded rather unconvincingly. "Come here." He commanded softly and she did.

He held her in one of his signature bear-hugs that was entirely too comforting; one hand cupped the back of her head, smoothing her hair and his lips rested on her crown. He felt her sigh with relief against him as the tension seemed to drain from her body. He was utterly too happy that he was able to make her feel that way, to relax her and make her less stressed. After a few moments she pulled back slightly to look up at him and rested her chin against chest. He used both hands to wipe some of the wisps of hair from her face.

"Hey, imagine how angry he would have got if he found out what we did last night."

He flashed her his left hand, letting his thumb rub over the wedding band that had been in place for less than twelve hours. Joyce felt for her own matching band on her hand that was currently hugging round Hopper's back. Her cheeks reddened when she found it.

"I can't believe we did that." She whispered and she really couldn't.

They'd visited Jonathan at college the day before. Will and Jane had been at some week-end long gaming thing at the Wheelers. And when they should have been driving home they went to a bar instead and had drank entirely too much. Well Joyce did. And then they'd danced and she'd told him how much she loved him and told him she wanted to be his wife. So they'd found a twenty four wedding chapel and a pawnshop for the rings and got married. Just like that. It was either a wonderfully romantic story they would be telling their grandkids in the years to come or the worst decision of their lives. Only time would tell. Joyce had a sneaky suspicion it would be the former though.

"The kids are going to kill us." She told him, giggling breathlessly.

"They'll get over it. We'll throw a big party and let them invite whoever they want and they'll be just fine." He hoped. But he said it with enough false confidence to get away with it.

And then she smiled up at him with that smile that made his heart physically stop in his chest. That smile could stop the earth spinning and cure of all his woes. That smile was everything.

"Now then Horowitz, where were we?" He asked her suggestively as he lifted her onto his hips with ease. Her legs locked around his back.

"I told you I'm not Horowitz anymore... I'm Hopper."

"Hmm... yes you fucking are." He agreed as he walked them back into the bedroom and swung the door shut with his foot. This was what childless Sunday mornings were all about.